

Oblivion by lovelyethereal

Series: [Stenbrough Fics \[12\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Bill is a fuckboy, Bisexual Bill Denbrough, F/M, Fluff and Angst, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Stanley Uris, Kissing, Love Bites, M/M, Parties, Platonic Relationships, Sexual Assault, Stanley Uris Has OCD - Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder, just not alot atm, mike and ben are there too, softboy stan, stan is NOT having a good time

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

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Summary:

Stanley Uris is dragged across campus to a party by his best friend and encounters the infamous Bill Denbrough, Phi Delta president and notorious player.

[multi-chapter au]

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I've never written an AU like this before so I'm hoping this is good! Also, I've never attended a college and so I'm not familiar with how everything works there with admission and stuff so I'm just hoping my lack of knowledge isn't too bad.

Stanley Uris never liked school. The idea of learning by someone else's rules didn't sit right with him. The organized rows of wooden desks in every classroom and having the same teachers everyday brought him little comfort because he knew he would have the unfortunate days where he might have to acquaint himself with an entirely new teaching style due to substitutes. The day Stan graduated was a breath a relief, followed by a brief feeling of joy before the stress of starting over kicked in.

Just over a month after graduating, he and his best friend Eddie Kaspbrak were packing up the back of Stan's car, filling the trunk and backseat with backpacks and labelled boxes, making sure that the boxes never stacked higher than the seats so that Stan could see clearly out of his rear view mirror. The trip down was long but it gave them time to talk and Stan would occasionally laugh at the jokes that Eddie told. The car didn't have a working radio so Eddie played music through his phone. Stan sneered at some of his choices but had no other option other than sitting through them since he didn't want to risk either getting pulled over or possibly dying in a fiery car accident.

By the time they reach their college campus, it had been two hours of being tormented with Eddie's music and stopping for gas or to use the restroom. Eddie stared out the window, in awe of the towering buildings around them and the quickly passing scenery, illuminated by the midday sunlight. After making a quick stop at the admissions office, they were pulling into a parking space in front of the residential hall that they had been assigned. Stan slumped his shoulders as he stared at the piece of paper the RA handed to him, reading over the name of his roommate.

"Michael Hanlon." He stated monotonously, tensing up and shooting Eddie a look. Eddie smiled sympathetically, knowing how Stan could hardly stomach the possibility of having to room with him, let alone a stranger. Eddie took it as a good sign that he wasn't hyperventilating like he had thought he would. Eddie stared down at his own piece of paper.

"Benjamin Hanscom." Eddie sighed and gently pat Stan on the shoulder, offering a small smile. The way he saw it, they were lucky since they were on the same floor but on opposite ends. Eddie just hoped that his roommate wasn't a slob and that he wouldn't have a problem with all of Eddie's medications taking up the shelves in the bathroom.

"Quiet hours are from 10PM 'til 7AM on weekdays and 12AM to 8AM on weekends. A lot of students have early jobs and classes so we try to accommodate them as much as we can. You can still chat amongst yourselves and such, just at low volumes." The RA—Kenny—explained, bobbing his head as he nodded and flashing a wide smile to Eddie and Stan who shared another look. They thanked him and took the elevator up to their floor.

The chaos of moving in had been two months ago. Stan had finally acquainted himself with his roommate quite well and the new lifestyle of living with someone else but spent much of the first week either in classes or in the dorm. He found that he and Mike (he insisted Stan call him Mike versus the alternative, Michael) had little in common. Mike worked on a farm with his mother and grandfather and was homeschooled his entire life until he decided to pursue college, unlike Stanley.

Eddie and his roommate were getting along rather well, despite the fact that Ben spent most of his free time in the university library. For the most part, he seemed like a great guy but Eddie never had time to actually talk to him and have a real conversation since he was always out.

Deciding that staying in their dorms forever wasn't an option, Eddie finally dragged Stan out of his room a few weeks after classes began, forcing Stan to walk around campus with him. This brought them to find their favorite coffee shop three blocks away from the residential

hall. Stan preferred to walk since parking wasn't always available and he didn't like to drive unless it was absolutely necessary.

The coffee shop was Stan's current location. It was the wednesday before Halloween and he had his back to one of the main windows, set up in a booth, laptop sitting open in front of him and sipping a fresh Americano from a styrofoam cup. He scrolled through pages of notes from his Economics class, desperately trying to find the perfect subject to cover for his midterm paper. The halloween decorations around him brought the autumn feel that was missing from the city into the shop, strings of orange lights strung up around the window frames and little jack-o-lanterns and ghosts placed in the center of every table.

The shop door groaned open, bell chiming as someone entered and Stan didn't so much as look up from the screen, chin resting in the palm of his hand while his elbow remained firm against the tabletop. Eddie nearly ran over to the table where Stan was sitting, dropping his bag onto the surface.

"*Guess what?*" This had Stan jumping, nearly dropping his coffee.

"*Fucking hell, Eddie!*" He all but yelled, catching the attention of a few other patrons in the shop who looked at them for a split second then brushed it off. "Don't do that."

"Sorry." He was grinning from ear to ear, shoving his hands into his armpits to try and warm them up. "I saw you and I had to tell you what happened to me today." He was still grinning like a madman and unzipped his backpack to pull out his own laptop and a notebook. "You know that guy I told you about in my Psychology class? The funny but annoyingly hot one?" Stan raised his eyebrows and crossed his arms after setting his coffee down on the table. He shook his head. "Well, his name is Richie and he invited me to his fraternity's party tonight. Well, us." Stan's attention was now solely focused on Eddie as he widened his eyes.

"Us? No." He looked back down at his laptop screen. Eddie groaned.

"But I need you there! You're my best friend, I can't go without you. What if I'm drugged?"

"If you're worried about that then don't go." Stan picked a topic and slid his mouse across the screen to open a new document and started typing, adding his name and the date.

"Come on, if you were in my position I would go for you." Stan stops typing to look up at Eddie and his eyes are pleading, almost desperate. Stan is hit with a pang of guilt.

"I'm sorry, Eddie. This paper is due on Friday, I can't. And I don't like parties, you know that." Stan saved the progress on his paper and closed his laptop, opening his bag and stuffing it inside.

"Just come with me, Stan. It's a party, not some... group gang-bang." Stan grimaced at the thought of going to a party across campus at a fraternity—not that a gang-bang sounded particularly appealing either—but Eddie was looking at him with pleading eyes and he was beginning to find it awfully hard to resist, even though he wanted to. He found himself chewing on his bottom lip, and pulling at the hem of his sweater.

"Fine, but you owe me." Eddie threw his fists in the air in victory and shut his laptop abruptly, shimmying it back into his bag and standing up from his chair. Stan stood as well, grabbing his coffee and following the shorter teen out into the chilly October air. Stan started walking straight, in the direction of the resident hall while Eddie took a left and started to head down the street. "Where are you going? The dorms are this way."

"I know, but there's a costume store right around the corner!" Stan squinted at Eddie's words and as the wind blew slightly stronger, he was struck with realization.

"You never said it was a costume party!" He accused after he caught up with his friend.

"It's a Halloween party, *in college*, what did you expect?" Eddie took another left and shifted his gaze upward at the store signs until he stopped in front of a vibrantly colored store down the middle of the strip called *Connie's Party Supply!*. In the shop window were various costumes and decorations and Stan sighed.

They entered the shop and emerged half an hour later, Eddie with a bag in his hand and Stan looking worn out and ready to go home. He looked down at the watch on his wrist.

4:58 PM

They reached their dorms at 5:20 exactly and Stan parted ways with Eddie, finding his room and pushing the door open seemingly effortlessly. Mike looked up from his place on the sofa and smiled, waving. Stan returned it, walking down the short patch of wood floor and reached his bedroom. The dorms on their floor were suite-style and that meant they had their own bedrooms which was convenient for more reasons than one, though the walls were pretty thin. He toed his shoes off of his feet.

Stan sat down on the twin bed and lay back until his head hit the pillow. He let out a sigh and closed his eyes, rubbing his hands over his face then groaning. Stan jumped at the sound of knocking on his bedroom door and he scrunched his face up, blinking three times prior to sitting up and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. *When did I fall asleep?* The person knocked again and Stan finally managed to croak out a reply.

"Come in." The knob twisted and Eddie stood in the doorway, dressed head to toe in dark blue scrubs and white tennis shoes. He had a stethoscope hanging around his neck and was smiling at Stan. "Hi, Eddie."

"Hi! Are you ready yet? We're supposed to leave at 7 and it's 6:50." Eddie said, glancing down at his phone for the exact time and stuffing it back into his pant pocket. Stan dropped himself back down onto the mattress.

"No, I fell asleep." He groaned. Eddie stepped forward and grabbed his hands, alarming him momentarily but before he had the chance to react he was being pulled up and onto his feet.

"The time has come then, Stanley." Eddie grinned, walking over to the small closet and sifting through the various sweaters and polos that he had brought with him. "You'd be better off wearing what you're currently wearing, it's basically the same as anything I would

find in here." Stan looked down at his apparel and shrugged. He was still clad in a dark grey knit crewneck sweater, a white tee underneath, dark blue skinny jeans that hugged his legs comfortably, and a pair of black converse all-stars. "Let's go!"

Stan followed him out reluctantly after slipping his shoes back onto his feet. The drive ended up being shorter than he imagined, about twenty minutes, and they ended up parking a two blocks away from the house. The music could be heard playing faintly from the moment Stan got out of the car, and he groaned.

"Why doesn't anyone play decent music anymore?" He remarked as he shut his door and heard Eddie do the same, locking them with the press of a button.

"What is decent music to you, Stan?" Eddie asked, meeting him on the sidewalk.

"Pretty much anything from the 80s." Stan replied, turning a corner and Eddie nodded, he liked it too. They continue talking until the music is clear as day and they're standing in front of the source, a house that resembled something of a mansion with greek letters hanging above the door and people *everywhere*. There were the girls dressed up in the stereotypical "slutty" costumes which shouldn't come as a shock to Stan, though it did. The music switched to something electronic and Eddie grew tense next to him. "What's wrong?"

"Now that we're here it's all very overwhelming." He wrung his hands together a few times before Stan placed his hand on the small of his back tentatively then shoved him forward. Eddie whipped his head around, glaring at Stan who smirked at him and cocked his head to the side. They approached the front door and walked through the entry. The number of people outside seemed to triple inside. Cheering and chanting could be heard over the music which Stan didn't think was possible. They walked deeper into the crowds of people and found that the source of the cheers were coming from what appeared to be a beer pong tournament.

There were numbers of teenagers congregated around the worn ping pong table, jumping and bumping their chests together in

celebration. The two that were immediately in Stan's line of sight were a pair of two guys. One dressed in a button-up hawaiian shirt with a black THE ROLLING STONES t-shirt on underneath it with khakis and bright pink socks. His curly hair was messy and tousled and even Stan could see that his pink and green sunglasses were dirty. The guy to the right of him had his hair covered up by a bright red backwards snapback on his head with a few loose pieces of hair falling in front of his eyes, clad in a red and black flannel and a white SUPREME shirt with slashes across his stomach and torn jeans.

To his left was a girl with fiery red hair hanging off his arm, whispering into his ear with a cupped hand and giggling. The guy was none other than Bill Denbrough. Stan had heard stories and seen pictures, maybe even stalked his instagram once or twice but all in all the guy was a player and everyone on campus knew it. No one said no to him despite the rumors and the stories and Stan couldn't quite see why. He's just a guy, not God. Eddie tugged on Stan's sleeve and began to point in their direction.

"That's him! That's the guy that invited us! Richie... something." Stan smacked his hand and informed him that it was rude to point but when he looked back in their direction they had eyes on them. Bill was looking in their direction and nudging Richie with his elbow. Richie, who had been in the middle of polishing off the beer in one of the red solo cups, turned his attention in their direction and widened his eyes, titling the cup way back and finishing the drink. The cheering commenced again as Richie began to walk away from the table and in their direction.

"He's coming over here, what do I do?" Eddie panicked and Stan rose an eyebrow at him.

"You're asking me?" Stan inquired but before Eddie could reply, Richie was in front of them and smiling devilishly and removing his sunglasses

"Eds, baby! You made it!" He threw an arm around his shoulders and ruffled his hair. Eddie blushed deeply at the nickname and smiled, glancing up at him.

"Y-yeah, we did. This is my best friend, Stan." He introduced and

Richie looked over toward Stan who had zoned out and stuck his hand out to him.

"Stan the man! Nice to meet ya! Richie Tozier." Stan looked over in his direction at the mention of his name, looking down at the hand outstretched to him. Eddie looked nervous as he saw the contemplation in Stan's eyes. Stan eventually reached out and took Richie's hand and shook it briefly and retracted his hand quickly, excusing himself. Richie shot Eddie a look of confusion. "What's up with him?"

"Stan is OCD and doesn't like touching other people or being touched." Eddie explained as he watched Stan head into what looked like the kitchen. It was the kitchen alright and Stan was a little taken aback by the size of it, twice as big as his dorm. He made a beeline for the sink, flipping the water on warm and running his hands underneath it. Adding soap, he scrubs his hands trying to rid himself of the germs and dirt. He stopped when he felt satisfied and turned around, reaching for a towel to dry his hands off with. He doesn't find a towel, but is instead met with the piercing blue eyes that belonged to none other than Bill Denbrough. He's at least ten feet away from Stan and stepping closer with each passing minute.

He's smiling that devilishly handsome grin, hands stuffed deep into the pockets of his jeans and his lips are moving but Stan can't seem to hear him. "What?" Bill looks down at his feet and laughs, airy and light and looks back up, licking his lips seductively.

"I asked if you were having a good time." He repeats, smiling and taking another step closer. If Stan didn't know any better he probably would have gone weak in the knees from the way this guy was looking at him, only he did know better and he had more respect for himself than to fall prey to a pretty face.

"I've been here for five minutes." Stan replied crossing his arms over his chest and staring back at him with dead eyes.

"I'm Bill D—"

"I know who you are." He said while eyeing Bill's costume. He now noticed that there were splotches of fake blood on his pants and shirt.

"What are you supposed to be?"

"I'm a werewolf, but I won't bite unless you ask me to." Bill smirked even when Stan's expression remained unimpressed.

"Has that ever worked for you?"

"Not yet, but the night is still young." Stan smiled sarcastically and nodded.

"I'm sure you will find someone gullible enough to fall for it." Stan pushed off the counter and began to walk back toward the main room. Bill's smile faltered as he watched the younger teen leave.

"See ya around." He called after him, not at all surprised when Stan ignored him. Eddie was still situated with Richie, laughing shamelessly as the taller boy waved his arms above his head, probably telling a joke or a story. Stan walked back over to them and stood there for a minute or two before heading outside, the stench of weed and cigarettes becoming sickening inside the house. He decided to stand on the front porch until Eddie came to find him.

He really hated parties.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

This isn't the best chapter and I'm sorry about that.

Two weeks pass without Stan noticing and it's Friday. He tended to like Friday's more than any other because he only had two classes. It meant that when he left his last class of the day, he could head back to his dorm and get a jump on the homework assigned to him over the weekend. The perfect setup.

Stan was in his second and last class of the day when his phone vibrated against the side of his thigh. He'd been startled but ultimately chose to ignore it, more focused on what his professor was saying than checking it. As he sat in his chair his curiosity was peaking, his finger tapping restlessly against the small wooden table that his laptop was resting on. He chewed on his bottom lip wondering what it was. He reached into his pocket and pulled his phone out, turning the screen on and he thought he had a heart attack upon seeing the notifications on the screen.

Instagram: billdenbrough sent you a message

Stan stared at the screen until it timed out, confused and intrigued. He tried not to let his thoughts run out of control but it was hard to stop his train of thought once it got moving. *What did he say? How did he find me?* He curses under his breath and shakes his head, blinking a few times, as if that would help him clear his mind, and desperately tried to focus on the lesson but that was easier said than done. He slid the handheld device back into his pocket. He began to play with his fingers, picking at his nails in the last ditch effort to distract himself from the urge to open the message.

The next thing he noticed was that the rest of the class was packing up and leaving the lecture hall. Stan mentally kicked himself for missing the remainder of the lesson and he resisted the urge to reach back into his pocket to retrieve it, pulling the screen of his laptop to meet the keyboard and shoved it into his bag, slinging the straps over his shoulders and walking out of the row, down the steps to the exit

doors. When he gets outside he exhaled a breath that he didn't know he was holding.

He started walking, staring down at his feet as he made his way toward the building where Eddie's class should have been getting out. When he arrived, he stood at the end of the concrete stairs and waited for Eddie to come bounding down the stairs. The doors flew open seconds after Stan arrived and the students filed out of the building in small groups until he spotted Eddie walking with Richie who now wore a pair of glasses with oddly thick lenses. He smiled down at Eddie and laughed, lips moving but they were too far away for Stan to hear him, not that Stan wanted to.

Richie had been walking Eddie out for a week and a half and Stan had grown to know just what a conversation with him may consist of, usually jokes that were either offensive or crude, or both, and he was more at ease being distanced from him. Eddie spotted Stan at the bottom of the steps and waved while walking down the steps. "Hey." Stan smiled in return as Richie came up behind Eddie and leaned against the stair railing.

"Stan the man, how's it been? Get any fun messages today?" He smiled innocently and wrapped his arm around Eddie's shoulders. Despite his need for space away from others, Eddie didn't try to shove him away. Stan glared up at Richie.

"What are you talking about?"

"Big Bill, Stanley." Stan cringed at the nickname used for Bill and crossed his arms over his chest.

"I'm not sure how but, yeah, I did." Richie was smirking somewhat victoriously and it confused Stan even more than the message itself. It also annoyed him. "Why are you smirking?"

"I'm the reason he messaged you! They call me Cupid, ya know." Richie said with the same satisfied smirk on his lips. Stan felt like he could punch him then but decided to go with his better judgment.

"Why the fuck would you tell him to message me? And how did he even find me? I never told him my name." Stan asked, noticeably

irritated.

"He asked me for your name after the party, and then did some searching or some shit and found you. As far as me telling him to go for it, I don't know, I think you two would hit it off. He gets a bad rap." Richie explained and Eddie removed his arm from around his shoulders while watching the situation unfold before him, stepping down to meet Stan at the bottom of the steps.

"I'm sure," Stan replied sarcastically, rolling his eyes. "If I wanted to talk to him, I would have given him my phone number." He moved around Eddie to continue walking down the street, shaking his head as he did. Eddie looked over in Richie's direction apologetically although he did know how Stan felt. He quickly caught up with Stan, the two of them walking in silence until Eddie decided to break it.

"So, what did it say?" Stan looked up, a pout prominent on his face.

"What?"

"The message." Eddie clarified and Stan looked back down at his shoes.

"Oh. I haven't opened it yet." Stan uncrossed his arms and stuffed his hands into the pockets of his jacket. Eddie looked up toward the sky, noticing the light clouds above them. Suddenly he was wanting to get back to their dorms as soon as they could. The last thing he needed was to be sick because they were stuck in the rain.

"Why not?" Stan shrugged next to him, not quite knowing why he hadn't bothered to look at the message. Perhaps it was the constant gnawing worry of what it might say. The possibilities of its contents, as far as he knew, could have ranged from a simple *hey* to a crude photo of a certain body part and he definitely did not want to open it to find Bill's on his screen. The chances of that actually happening were probably slim but he really didn't want to take any chances.

"He's not my type," Stan replied, turning the corner and spotting their residence.

"If he isn't then what is your type, Stanley? Even back home you

never made any attempt to date." Eddie probably looked confused but Stan didn't look away from his feet.

"Derry was different. It's full of homophobic assholes. There was no way to tell who was serious and who wanted to throw you into the Canal. And my type is someone who does not sleep with anyone with a pulse, and that rules out Bill Denbrough." Stan thought about the possibility that maybe he was being too harsh without knowing Bill, but the photos on his Instagram said more than any story he had heard.

"I don't know, Stan. Maybe he isn't as bad as you think." When they reach the front doors of the designated building, Stan is silent with his hand resting on the handle and looking directly in front of himself. "Just open the message. If he sent a dick pic or some shit like that, don't respond but if he genuinely wants to start a conversation, reply and see where it goes. Who knows, you might end up with a friend." Eddie smiled even though Stan didn't see it, feeling somewhat relieved when he finally pulled the door open and they walked inside the building. The ride up to their floor was accompanied by more silence, only this time Stan is the one to break it.

"Okay." He said and as if on cue the elevator doors pry themselves open and Stan steps out, walking down the hall toward his room. Eddie is left standing in the elevator feeling somewhat prideful knowing that he got the stubborn Stanley Uris to crack.

Back at his dorm, Stan is met by Mike who is laying horizontally across the sofa in their room, flipping through channels on the TV set that he had brought with him. Stan removes his bag from his shoulders and sets it next to the entryway, meeting Mike in the small living area. He slouches in the chair adjacent to the sofa, knowing that it was bad for his posture but not caring much about that then. He was pouting, thinking of the many scenarios that could take place by opening this message, but he finds the words to start up a conversation.

"Don't you have classes?" He didn't mean for it to come out the way that it did but Mike still finds humor in the question, chuckling shamelessly.

"Yeah, but my classes got out early today." He sits up and wandered toward the mini-fridge they have set up against the wall strip between their bedrooms, pulling out a yogurt cup. "What 'bout you? Why are you home so early?"

"It's Friday," Stan stated just before sighing. Mike came back over, yogurt in hand with a spoon dipped into it, sitting back down on the couch.

"You okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. It's been a weird half hour." He replied, sitting up comfortably with his back arched ever so slightly away from the back of the chair, handing teaching down into his pocket, fingers drumming against his phone. He stands up and walks back over to the door, picking up his bag and heading into his room. He hangs his bag in the back of his desk chair and pulls his phone out from his pocket, trying not to bite his nails as he turns the screen on, staring at the message.

It seemed to scream *open me! open me!* but Stan still felt queasy thinking about it. He considers just deleting the notification and forgetting about having seen them but he knew that it would still eat at him and that deleting the notification wouldn't delete the message itself. He also knew he was being a bit crazy over a message that probably meant nothing to the sender. *Why is it so difficult for me to open them?*

Stan decides *fuck it* and clicks the notification and types in his passcode. When his phone is unlocked he is faced with the message and wonders what he was so afraid of.

billdenbrough: hey (:

Stan let out a sigh of relief, feeling like a weight had been lifted off of his chest. He pressed the message, rereading it a few times before sending back his hesitant reply.

stanley.uris: Hi

He closes the chat and shuts off his phone screen, sitting on the edge

of his bed, startled when his phone goes off again not even 30 seconds later.

billdenbrough: *how are u*

stanley.uris: *Fine.*

stanley.uris: *How are you?*

billdenbrough: *better now that i'm*

talking to u ;)

Stan rolled his eyes but his heart still fluttered. He had never flirted before or been on the receiving end of flirtatious remarks until he started college and both times they were from Bill. He knew he shouldn't feel like he did because of Bill's nature but he couldn't really help it.

stanley.uris: *Very original.*

billdenbrough: *i thought so*

They text back and forth like this for a solid hour and Stan decided it was time to start on his work. He opens his bag to retrieve his laptop, setting it down at the edge of his desk along with a notebook, an array of colored pens and highlighters. Studying tended to calm his nerves whenever he felt overwhelmed. He went about fifteen minutes without any interruptions, that is until his phone vibrated on his desk and he was forced to break concentration.

billdenbrough: *my friend's sorority
is having a party tonight, u should come*

At that moment he is interrupted yet again by knocking on the door to the dorm. He stood from his desk and opened the door to his room, seeing that Mike beat him to answer the door. Eddie stood at the door, having a friendly conversation with Mike in the entry. They turned toward him and Eddie smiled enthusiastically, bag slung over his shoulder.

"Hey, I thought we could study?" He asked, holding onto the strap of his backpack and smiling when Stan nodded with a small smile on his

own face. The other teen stepped into the dorm and walked the small distance into Stan's room and Stan shut the door behind him. "What are you working on?" Eddie asked, sitting down on Stan's bed while the latter stared off into space, reaching in front of him to grasp the back of the chair to sit in it. Eddie noticed he looked dismissed but chose not to say anything until he snapped himself out of his trance-like state.

Stan refocused his gaze, blinking twice before glanced by over in Eddie's direction. "Sorry. Bill invited me to a party." He said, turning back to face his laptop screen but stopping halfway when Eddie began talking again.

"Woah, wait! Did you say yes?"

"I just opened the message. I didn't reply." Eddie glared at him, mouth open in an 'o' before he was struck with a realization.

"Oh, I get it. You're going for mysterious? Good. Are you gonna go?" Eddie kicked his shoes off, standing up and placing them against the wall next to the door. He went back over to the bed, pulling his legs up with him, his jeans making it slightly harder for him to cross them but he managed to do so anyway.

"Maybe." Stan replied, playing with his hands, not really wanting to be apart of the conversation.

"Come on, Stan! He technically asked you out on a date."

"A party isn't much of a date." Stan stared.

"That's because you have high standards." Eddie tossed his bag to the side and crossed his arms over his chest. "I'll be there too, if that helps."

"Is Richie going to be there?" Eddie nodded making Stan roll his eyes. "Great. You will go off with Richie and I will be left alone. Again."

"But if it is a date, you'll have some company." Eddie winked, opening his backpack and pulling out the textbook titled 'Business Management' and flipped it open to the correct page. Stan shrugged, tilting his head to the side. The thought of going to another party for

someone else's pleasure made him want to stay home, even more so because he knew Bill would be there. Don't get Stan wrong, Bill was attractive, there was no denying that, but he couldn't let himself get involved with him.

As he thought of this, another thought entered his head, making him question his judgement. *What if they're just rumors? Maybe Richie was right.* Just as the thought is over his phone vibrated again, another message from Bill.

billdenbrough: *come on, don't leave me hanging, uris. it'll be fun!*

Stan stares at the message, half offended that somebody who barely knew him had called him by only his last name, chewing on his bottom lip nervously. He looked over at Eddie, who had his face buried two hundred pages into his textbook while writing down valuable information as he skimmed the pages, then looked back to his phone with Eddie's words ringing in his head.

"But if it is a date, you'll have some company."

He thinks over the many, many possible outcomes of this night and while guy screamed no, he went against his better judgement and sided with the devil on his shoulder.

stanley.uris: *Okay, I'll be there.*

He sends the message, sighing deeply and running the palms of his hands over the dark cloth of his pants. Eddie looks up from his studies and asks, "So, what's the verdict?" Stan looks over at him once again and nods hesitantly.

"I'm going." Eddie's eyes grew wide with excitement, hands clasping together and gasping as if about to commence a musical number before his eyes.

"That's great! What're you gonna wear?" Stan squinted, not sure what was wrong with what he currently had on. He was still clad in a black Columbia fleece jacket, another knit sweater (only this time it was tan) underneath that, a pair of blue skinny jeans and his

Converse.

"What's wrong with this?"

"We can't have this conversation again, Stanley. Those are not party clothes. Why not wear a collared polo or a plain t-shirt? Something that doesn't say '*I spend all of my free-time at the library*'." Eddie quipped, uncrossing his legs and sliding off the bed to walk toward Stan's closet. Stan was taken back by the comment, surprised. Eddie had changed slightly since they began attending college, not necessarily in a bad way, but he became more free without Sonia breathing down his neck every second of every day. With the lack of parental authority, he was more loose, which was more than Stan could say for himself but that was part of his character.

"What about one of these?" Eddie asked, pulling a plain black t-shirt from the closet along with a fade red polo. Stan wanted to reach for the polo since it was what he was used to and what he felt most comfortable with but the days events had proven that getting out of his comfort zone just slightly might have been what he needed.

"Black." He said, phone vibrating next to him again.

billdenbrough : great, alpha sigma house at seven. see u there ;)

He looked up into the top left hand corner of his phone screen noticing that it was only 4:06 PM. They definitely had some time to kill. They spend the rest of their time studying and cracking subtle jokes while Eddie gushed over the lanky, curly-haired, Hawaiian shirt wearing mess that was Richie Tozier.

Twenty minutes till seven, Eddie is forced to leave the room while Stan changes out of his sweater and undershirt, pulling in a fresh new item of clothing and grabbing his Columbia, meeting Eddie outside of his door. They begin to head toward the door when Stan stops, turning toward the couch where Mike still was, this time sitting upright and watching a home & garden network.

"Would you want to come with us, Mike?" He asks, eyes wide and hopeful. The truth was, he did enjoy Mike and living with him, and if he could come along it would have amazing. Not to mention that if

Eddie did abandon him at the party and it was not, in fact, a date, he would have someone else to talk to while he waited for Eddie to detach himself from Richie's hip.

"Really? Uh, yeah, sure. Let me just go grab a jacket and some shoes." Mike beamed and Stan felt more comfortable already, knowing that there would at least one more familiar face at this party. He headed into his room to retrieve said items while Eddie's face lit up as well.

"Maybe I should invite Ben, too! I don't really know if parties are his thing but it's worth a shot to try and hang out somewhere outside of the dorm." He said and Stan smiled a tight-lipped smile. He didn't know Ben all too well given that he wasn't his roommate and going to party with another person he didn't know felt uncomfortable. Then, thinking of Eddie, he had invited Mike along and the former barely knew him as well.

"Yeah, invite him. I'm sure he would like to get out too." His smile was less harsh now and Mike met them at the door seconds later where he was informed of the change of events.

"Well, the more the merrier, right?" He said and laughed. He was always happy and Stan didn't get how. They reach Eddie's room soon and are met with Ben at the door, a hamper full of dirty laundry, appearing to be headed down to the washroom. He smiled at the three of them. Eddie filled Ben in on the current situation to which he looked enthused.

"I'll go, definitely! I was planning on spending my night sorting dirty laundry but this sounds infinitely better." Ben said, obviously thrilled by the invite. He looked down at his attire, sweatpants and a tight-fitting hoodie and decided a quick change of clothes wouldn't be the worst thing and then they would be on their way.

Notes for the Chapter:

Let me know what you guys think! The next part should be up in the next few days.

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

The Alpha Sigma party with all of the losers and it's safe to assume Stan will never attend another party ever again.

Notes for the Chapter:

this is super bad and kinda ooc y i k e s and let me know what you guys think so i know if i need to rewrite the chapter.

Stan felt parched as their small group approached the sorority, another castle-like house on the campus that was within walking distance of their building. The music raging inside the house was loud enough to feel the bass thumping through the concrete of the sidewalk. Eddie was conversing lightly with Ben and Mike who walked ahead of him, each of them wearing equally excited smiles. Stan could feel his heart beating faster, eyes darting around his surroundings as if searching for something or someone.

He knew it was ridiculous to be nervous. Bill had probably forgotten that he was coming anyway so what was there to be nervous about? He had Ben and Mike to talk to if Eddie disappeared with Richie to do God knows what, so it wouldn't be like the first party they went to two weeks earlier. They climbed the steps to the house and Stan stopped at the bottom step, looking up at the greek letters plastered above the porch. He didn't know why he let himself get dragged into these situations.

Sucking in a deep breath, he began to ascend the steps, meeting his group at the top. Eddie rested a hand on his forearm, turning to him, "You okay?" Stan nodded reluctantly, forcing himself to smile and step over the threshold and enter the house. Stan recognized the song playing over the speakers faintly, it was a song that he had heard Eddie play numerous times over the last few months. He believed it was called '*Out Of My League*' but the singer's name was not one he knew.

They begin to maneuver through the crowds of people, Stan made sure the gaps were large enough that he didn't have to worry about accidentally bumping into somebody. He wasn't sure where they were trying to go but he followed nevertheless. They finally come to a stop at an empty space in a far corner of the backyard. Surprisingly, they hadn't lost Eddie along the way. After about twenty minutes of standing, talking, and watching others do stupid shit that would probably result in bodily harm, their conversation is interrupted by an obnoxious, lanky figure tripping his way over toward them.

"Eddie! It's about fuckin' time I found you!" Richie exclaimed, throwing both arms around the smaller teen and cradling his head against his shoulder in one of his oversized hands. Eddie's face scrunched up as he pushed the taller boy's arms off of him. Stan couldn't tell if he was drunk or high or it was just Richie being Richie. He turned toward Stan and bowed, tipping an imaginary hat in his direction. "Staniel. Here all alone? Thought Billiam would've fucking sought you out by now. He has some sort of sixth sense when it comes to shit like that." Stan winced having forgotten almost completely about him. Although Bill had never said that they would be hanging out, a small part of him wished they would.

"Well, I guess his radar is a little off. I'm right here." Stan narrowed his eyes and smirked at Richie who returned it with the same amount of sharpness. Eddie rolled his eyes while Mike shifted uncomfortably and Ben pursed his lips and his gaze drifted to look anywhere else. "And I'm not alone." Richie looked over at Mike and Ben who still stood awkwardly.

"I don't believe we've met. Richie Tozier at your service." Richie introduced himself to Ben and Mike, sticking his hand in Ben's direction, then Mike's, satisfied when both shook his hand and introduced themselves as well. "What brings a couple of stand-up guys like yourselves to a party like this?"

"Stan and Eddie invited us," Ben replied, a small smile on his face. Stan clears his throat and side-steps away from the conversation. Their gazes shift over to him.

"I'm going to get a drink." He said before trying to find his back into the house. He pried the sliding glass door open, stepping through and

sliding the door closed behind him, realizing that he was in the kitchen, exactly where he wanted to be.

He didn't bother paying attention to his surroundings the first time he passed through it, but he now noticed a large cooler sitting on the floor resting against the wall connect to one of the doorways. He waited for the guy who was standing in front of it to move out of the way before walking over to examine the contents. Inside were different types of beers and wine coolers. He grabbed a beer, standing back up and twisted the cap off, tilting it back against his lips. He had always hated the taste of beer but that was obviously the choice-drink or party goers.

After opening his eyes again he looked directly across for him and saw Bill Denbrough who had already spotted him. He was smiling wide, a toothpick poking out from between his teeth. He was leaned against a wall, motioning for him to go over. He was talking to the same girl with fiery red hair that he had been with at the Halloween party. Stan opened his mouth then closed it, possibly resembling a fish, and looked back over his shoulder. Eddie and the others weren't in view but Stan figured that a few minutes couldn't hurt.

He didn't know what it was about Bill that was so hard to resist. He knew he did at first but he somehow managed to draw Stan in with a simple motion of his hand. He wasn't typically so easily swayed so he wondered if Bill was some kind of sorcerer. He made his way over, dodging as many people as he could which, thankfully, had been all of them, and slowly stepped closer to the pair situated against the wall.

"I think it's purely political." The red-head girl said as Bill nodded and their gazes flicked over to Stan briefly just before Bill realized who was standing next to him.

"Hey!" He yelled, trying to talk over the music. The girl smiled warmly at Stan as Bill turned to her, motioning to Stan with an open hand. "Beverly, this is Stan! Stan, Beverly! She's the president of this sorority!" She stuck her hand out to him and he stared at it for a moment. He always hated this part of meeting new people: the handshake. He reached out grudgingly and took her hand for a moment and then let go. She looked up at him and smiled

awkwardly.

"So, what are you studying, Stan?" Beverly asked, taking a drink from the wine cooler in her hand. He looked up, somewhat surprised that it wasn't just a meet-and-greet and that was it.

"Um, Accounting." He replied, not sure what he should've been doing. He stood near them looking like a third-wheel, hands stuffed awkwardly in his pockets and also trying to ignore the eating feeling like his hand was being devoured by bacteria and germs. "What about you?"

"Fashion design," Beverly said while smiling enthusiastically. It was clear that she wasn't a bad person, she seemed nice enough to Stan but then again, he didn't know her so he could be all wrong.

"Writing." Bill's reply came after hers and caught Stan's attention. Bill didn't seem like the type to like writing so much that he would want to major in it but maybe it was an easy A. Their short colloquy comes to an end rather quickly when Stan feels a hand wrap around his wrist and he instinctively pulls away. The person's grip is tight and sends Stan into a panic. He looks over his shoulder at the culprit and is met with a tall figure with eyes that looked like nothing but black holes in his head, He smiles down at Stan and the tugging continues.

"C'mon, sweetheart, let's dance." He said and smirked evilly. Stan's persistent resistance was proving useless against the stronger man.

"Get off me!" Stan uses his free hand to try to pry the fingers from his skin, feeling like he was being burned. The eyes he felt on him came from every direction but he knew no one would be coming forward to stop what was happening. That only terrified him more. He felt the man's other hand wrap around his shoulder, arm coming to rest against his shoulder blades, pushing him forward even more. The hand clutching his wrist begins to travel down, running over his clothed stomach and the waistband of his jeans. He's trapped, being pulled along forcefully by a stranger and he feels like he's being suffocated, choking on the smoke of his own burning body.

He began to thrash against the body that had seized him, twisting and writhing, and before he could even process what was happening,

he was on the floor. He clutched his chest and looked up, gasping, to find the man who had just been twined around him was on the floor himself with Bill's body hovering over his, a fistful of his t-shirt in one hand and the other was a balled fist with blood covering his knuckles in splotchy and uneven patches. The room was silent apart from the whispers. Stan saw Bill lean over and whisper something into the man's ear before shoving him back down to the floor. The man chuckled darkly as Bill stood up and walked over to where Stan and stood next to him, not sure what to do. He knelt down next to him.

"Are you okay?" Stan shook his head, unable to find his words. Bill looked around and noticed that everyone had stopped what they were doing to watch the scene as it unfolded before their eyes. Bill stood up, glaring at the room, turning as he spoke.

"Show's o-over everyone." He shouted causing Stan to wince at the loudness of his voice. He knelt back to Stan's level and held his hand out to the younger boy. Stan looked at it with wary eyes before accepting it and Bill pulled him up onto his feet, hand cupping the back of his elbow as he stood. He could feel the tears welling up in his eyes but he wouldn't dare let them fall.

"I want to go home." He whispered, not sure if Bill would even hear him in the crowded room but it seemed that he did given that he nodded with a soft smile. He couldn't bring himself to look around the room but Bill lead him across the room, presumably back over to where they were standing.

"Bev, I'm gonna take Stan home." He turned toward Stan who still stared at the floor. "Where- uh, where are your-"

"They're in the backyard. At least, they were when I left. Richie was with them." Stan spoke quietly. He was painfully aware of Bill's hand on his lower back but oddly enough he didn't feel gross or the slightest bit uncomfortable (well, more so than he already did). Bill relayed the message to Beverly and glanced back over at the spot where the man laid one minute prior but was now gone.

When they reached the sidewalk in front of the house Bill began to search for his car while Stan continued down the path. Bill ran to

catch up with him. "Hey, my car's back that way." Stan scoffed but continued to walk down the street, arms crossed over his chest.

"I would much rather walk than get in your car." Stan snarked and reaching up to wipe under his eyes. Bill walked silently next to him, hands stuffed into his pockets. "You don't need to walk me home. I'll be fine."

"But if something happens to you?" Bill asked and next to him Stan shivered although clothed in his jacket. The air seemed to cut right through it. He shuddered and felt more tears fall as he pictured what happened. Bill never knew what to do in these situations. It was obvious that Stan didn't like being touched but when Bill did, he didn't really mind that much. He decided to keep his hands in his pockets.

They stayed silent for the remainder of the walk until they got to the building, Stan fumbling with his keys while he found the key to the front door. "I pass this building every day on the way to class. It's really... nice." Stan looks over at him, pushing the door open. "Sorry, I ramble when it's quiet."

"I was just surprised that you go to class." He smiled small and soft but there was still something behind his eyes that reminded Bill of a scared child. Stan walked inside first and Bill followed, not wanting Stan to be alone and risk anything happening to him. He had been living there for almost three months and probably hadn't experienced anything like what he just did, but Bill didn't want to take any chances. He didn't deserve that to happen once in his life, let alone twice.

They boarded the elevator, Bill standing next to the number pad. "What floor?"

"4."

Stan stood a foot away, staring at the brown doors of the elevator, listening to quiet *ding* for whenever they reached a new floor. When the third ding went off, the doors opened only one second after and they left the moving contraption.

"Thank you for saving me back there." Stan finally managed to say, keys dangling from his fingers, finding the clanging of the metals to be soothing. They walked slowly, keeping a safe distance as Stan's thoughts were going a mile a minute.

"It was n-nothing, really. I would have done it for anyone." Bill replied, shrugging nonchalantly. Stan's posture seemed to droop like a willow after that, not too noticeable but enough that Bill wanted to correct himself but before he could Stan was stopping.

"This is my dorm." He said. Bill nodded awkwardly and began to step away from the other teen, obviously getting the message with that statement alone that it must be time for him to leave. Stan's so lost in thoughts that he barely notices. He couldn't bring himself to ignore the questions burning in the back of his mind.

Why didn't it feel bad when he touched me?

Stan catches Bill saying goodnight and turns to him, wanting to stop him. *Maybe we should try again.* "Bill wait." The latter, who is about five feet away from Stan, turned around to face him, arms at his sides. Stan walked over to him cautiously and winds his arms around Bill's shoulders, chin hovering above one of them.

Bill seems frozen and Stan doesn't know if this is normal. He never voluntarily hugged anyone, the last time was when he was about six years old. Bill's arms remain at his sides until he slowly begins to raise them and they each rest at the small of his back, sliding across until they were wrapped loosely around Stan's waist.

Exactly what Stan had thought, he felt nothing. No sense of being pricked by a thousand needles or being burned, only warm bodies pressed together. Stan could breathe without the worry of inhaling smoke. He finally rested his chin against the other teen's shoulder, eyes closing in relief.

"Thank you." He whispered, for more reasons than one, and released Bill from his embrace. He feels Bill slip a piece of paper into the pocket of his jacket just before he says goodnight again and leaves Stan alone in the middle of the hallway.

He reaches into his pocket and retrieved the item, realizing that it is folded piece of paper. Upon unfolding it, he realizes it's a phone number. *Bill's phone number*. Along with it is a little note.

(xxx) xxx xxxx

text me sometime,

it's better than using

instagram.

-B.D.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

Stan and his friends head to the police station to file an incident report; Bill checks up on Stan,

Notes for the Chapter:

[warnings; brief use of the word 'rape']

[warnings; brief use of the word 'rape']

The next morning began with Eddie, Mike, and Ben knocking on his bedroom door. He rolled over in bed, shoving his face into his pillow. The knocking continued, accompanied by "Stan! Open up! We're so sorry!" but he continued to ignore the pleas of his friends. He rolled back in the opposite direction, cracking an eye open to reach out for his phone. He caught his reflection in the black screen, freshly washed hair unruly and tangled from a restless night of sleep.

The nightmares occurred on repeat for hours, waking him up almost every hour. He swore that he could feel the man's hands on him, branded into his skin. No amount of showers could wash that feeling away no matter how much he scrubbed. He brought his wrist up to his face, four finger shaped bruises around his wrist. His fingertips brushed over them lightly.

Stan turned the screen on and was met with 4 missed calls from Eddie, 5 texts, and surprisingly he also had 2 from Richie.

Eddie

I am so sorry

Eddie

Please answer your phone

Eddie

We're so worried! Please just let me know you're okay

Eddie

Stan please I'm freaking out here

Eddie

Fine, we're coming over tomorrow morning

Richard

Stan pick up the phone man! We're all worried sick

Richard

I know we give each other shit but I care about u Stanley are u ok??

Stan knew they were concerned for him and after he completely shut them out, ignoring his phone all night he felt slightly guilty. The knocking and pleas continued on the other side of the door. After setting phone back down on the side-table he finally threw the covers off of his body, climbing out of bed quickly just before he tucked the comforter back under his mattress again and straightened out his pillow, centering it at the head of the bed and running his hand across the surface of the comforter to rid it of the wrinkles. Next to his phone was the unfolded sheet of paper that Bill had slipped into his pocket.

He had texted him late the night before but had yet to hear back. He tried not to worry over it, it was just Bill, but at the same time it wasn't. Nothing happened when Bill touched him and that's exactly what appealed to Stan the most. The only other person that he knew of that had that effect on him was Eddie but Stan had known him ever since the first grade.

He opened the door to his bedroom and they had their backs to the door. Eddie was the first to turn around, relief flushing his features as he threw his arms around Stan's shoulders, pulling back to place one hand on each side of his face, examining.

"Thank God you're okay! Did he hurt you?" Stan shook his head, an obvious lie but Eddie was already staring at his bruised wrist. Eddie partially blamed himself for it happening. He practically forced Stan to go to the party and let him just walk into the house. "I'm going to kill that fucking prick." Eddie swore, rage burning behind his eyes.

"It's not like he raped me." Stan said all nonchalant and Eddie glared at him.

"Don't fucking try to play this off like it was nothing, Stanley! Sexual assault is just as bad! What if no one had been there to stop this? You have to report this to the police." Ben and Mike came to stand next to Eddie in the small doorway. Stan closed his eyes as Eddie yelled. He wasn't telling Stan anything that he didn't already know.

"I know, Eddie. I am more than aware of what happened and what needs to happen. I don't need you telling me what I *need* to do." The tears were welling up in Stan's eyes again and so he turned his head away from them. "This was out of my control." He tilted his head back trying to keep himself from letting the tears fall and felt Eddie touch his arm.

"I'm sorry, Stan." Eddie whispered although he could understand how what he said could be construed as insensitive.

"Are you okay, Stan? How do you feel?" Mike asked, stepping forward. Stan looked down at his hands and tried desperately not to focus his gaze on deep red marks around his wrist.

"I feel... *contaminated*." That was the best way that he could describe it, the feeling like he could never be clean. He wasn't sure that that feeling would ever go away. He turned away and began walking over to his bed, ignoring the vibration of his phone. He sank down to his mattress slowly. "I feel like he's still on me even though I *know* he isn't." The three share sympathetic glances not sure how they can help in this situation.

"Were there any witnesses?"

"No, I mean yes. Just about everyone inside are witnesses. Bill was the only one who did anything, though." Stan said while looking at his hands. His phone vibrated again and he reached out to grab it, clicking the screen on and noticing he now had a text from Bill and a mail notification.

Bill:
who is this?

"If you want, I could go with you down to the police station?" Eddie asked tentatively before stepping into the room. Mike stayed in the doorway, arms crossed and leaning against the wood of the frame and Ben next to biting down on his thumb behind a closed fist. Stan began to nod, a small smile forming on his face though Eddie couldn't see it. His phone shut off a minute or so ago and now he's left staring at his reflection in the blackness. He notices the bags under his eyes look slightly darker than yesterday.

He ran a hand over his face as if that would erase his tired and beaten expression. "Yeah," He looked up at his best friend, small smile still there but disappearing as soon as it's seen, almost like it had never been there at all. "I'd like that." Stan looked back over toward the doorway where the two boys still stood in awkward silence. "I really appreciate you coming over, it means a lot. Especially given the circumstances. I don't really want to be alone." He said and it hit him that Mike and Ben, and Richie, were his friends too which brought him a little bit of comfort

Bill was an enigma. One minute he was a player, hitting on Stan via Instagram and face to face and next he was caring and considerate. Those weren't typically qualities found in a fuckboy but he also knew that they were sneaky and manipulative which made his feelings all the more complicated.

"We can go whenever you want." Eddie said whilst placing his hand on Stan's bicep, allowing it to linger for three seconds maximum because he knew that any longer would make Stan uncomfortable. The three of them left the room quietly, closing the door behind them. Stan closed his eyes and laid back against the mattress softly, breathing deeply to calm his nerves. He hadn't noticed his heartbeat rising steadily until he pressed his fingers into the flesh of his neck, finding the pulse point.

He stood then to distract himself, pacing back and forth with the nail of his thumb between his teeth and gnawing softly. How would he even begin to tell the police what happened last night?

"I was attacked by a man. I don't know his name and I can't tell you what he looks like but he bruised me."

Stan knew that the probability of that actually having any effect was slim. *Do I say 'I was sexually assaulted last night'? Is it that simple? Or how about 'I need to file a report for sexual assault'?* His mind was reeling and he had no desire to drive to the police station to retell the dismal tale but if it was what he had to do to put it all behind him, he would gladly do so.

He walked back over to his bed and picked up his phone, which he didn't realize he had set down, and illuminated the screen once again, Bill's message glaring back at him. He contemplates sending anything back because he knew the night before was more than likely a fluke and he was pretending to care, but he did give Stan his phone number. *But what if it was for him to have easy access to a little late night action.*

Stan's mind was fighting him immensely, weighing the options, good and bad and finally deciding to do it. He typed back a simple '**Stanley**' and sent it, tossing his phone back onto the bed. He found a new change of clothes and began to undress when his phone vibrates against his comforter. He pulled his shirt over his head and slipped a new one on as an undershirt for the sweater that would cover it.

Bill

oh hey! how r u feeling?

Stan read the text over again after he picked his phone up from the mattress and felt the corners of his mouth twitch, paused and then rolled his eyes at himself. *Pull yourself together, Stanley. He has no power over you.* He stripped himself of the loose pajama pants that he wore to bed and replaced them with the harsh fabric of his jeans. He shivered slightly just before he buttoned them. He finished his ensemble and exhaled, taking his phone from the bed and sending Bill a quick text explaining that he felt normal but not better prior to slipping it into his front pocket.

Stan stepped out of his bedroom after sliding his shoes onto his feet and headed toward the small bathroom in the corner of the dorm to brush his teeth and fix his hair that was still messy from sleep. In the living room Eddie sat in the single chair adjacent to the love seat where Mike and Ben chatted amongst themselves. Eddie wore a concerned expression, eyebrows knit together and chewing on his

bottom lip and keeping mostly to himself, occasionally offering his opinion to the conversation here and there.

When Stan emerged from the bathroom, he stood by the door until they realized that he was there. He didn't mind waiting for them if he was being honest, it gave him time to consider what he was doing. Did he want to go to the police at all? An uneasy feeling washed over him as they walked out the door, Mike locking it behind them. Eddie stayed behind to walk with Stan. The taller teen walked along wordlessly, the only sounds between the four of them being the dull echo of shoes hitting the thinly carpeted floor.

The fresh air helped to calm Stan's nerves slightly but his heart still raced. They made it to a car parked somewhere down the street, a gold 1999 Chrysler Concorde. Mike pulled a car key out of his jacket pocket and inserted it into the driver side lock, turning it to unlock it.

"I didn't know you had a car, Mike." Stan said, arms crossed over his chest. Mike pulled the door open and unlocked the others.

"Yeah, bought it two summers ago with some help from my mom." They piled inside and set off to the nearest station as Eddie programmed it into the map on his phone. Stan sat in the backseat against the door, forehead leaned against the cool window. He allowed his eyes to flutter closed, the silence of the car and the faint drone of the engine mixed with the blues music playing on the stereo were almost enough to lull him to sleep.

They arrived at the station all too soon and Eddie was tugging on the sleeve of Stan's jacket. He hadn't realized he fell asleep. "We're here." He said softly and Stan nodded, eyes still shut as he leaned back against the headrest. He blinked a few times and pushed the door open. The others were waiting outside of the car for Stan as he climbed out of the car except for Mike who stood in the aisle with his door open so that he could lock the doors. The second Stan's door was shut, Mike locked them with the push of a button and they walked into the police station.

They walked up to the reception desk where an officer was rifling through the filing cabinet, not paying any mind to them. Richie cleared his throat obnoxiously but Stan couldn't find it in himself to

make a snide comment. The officer looked up at them and sighed. "What do you need?" Eddie was visibly taken aback by the sheer rudeness of his officer but didn't say anything. He clenched his fists at his sides and remained silent. The officer's name tag read Holt.

"Filing an incident report."

"What was the nature of your incident"

"Sexual assault." Officer Holt looked back up from what he was doing to look up at Stan, the pain in his eyes evident. Holt swallowed hard and turned his attention back to the paper in his hand.

"We'll make sure to put that on file." He turned to walk away and Ben stepped in before he could get far.

"Wh- wait, you're not gonna take a statement?" Ben asked, dumbfounded by the lack of sympathy offered to his friend. Holt pulled Ben aside as he looked over his shoulder at the group of young adults behind him. They looked at him questioningly except for Stan who looked as if he just wanted to leave.

"Look, I'm sorry about what happened to your friend, but we don't have time to file incident reports every time something like this happens. We reserve our files to cases that actually matter, like arson and murder." Ben scoffed as Officer Holt turned around, folder in one hand and a mug of coffee in the other. He didn't get far before Ben was calling after him.

"To serve and protect, huh? Bullshit." He turned on his heel and headed toward the door, the rest of the teens following him out the door.

"What did he say?" Mike asked, arms crossed over his chest firmly once they reached the sidewalk.

"That they don't give a shit about sexual assault and they'd rather focus their energy on cases that actually matter." Stan felt his heart drop into his stomach at that and not another word was said.

Back at the dorms, Stan confined himself to his room while Mike and Ben played video games in the living room. Stan didn't want to leave

his room anymore than he had to. He felt like an idiot for dragging his friends to the station, only to find out that they didn't care about him. What made him feel worse was the bruise on his wrist. The bruise made him think of the guy who did it. The guy who he didn't know and who still walked the streets of their campus without any consequences.

Stanley wanted nothing more than to find him and make him feel as much pain as he did. He wanted to hurt him like Bill had. Stanley was usually very calm and collected and he always remained stoic and cool in the outside even though his insides was a constant parade of insecurities and mental illness and self-doubt. He heard a knock on the front door, very faint and light under the sound of guns and violence in the other room. Stan was sure that he would open the door to see Eddie standing there again. But to his surprise he was faced with none other than Bill Denbrough standing in his doorway.

"Hey," he smiled warmly at Stan who looked even more confused when he saw a bag from *Souply* in his hand. "Oh, yeah. I didn't know what you liked so I just got y-you chicken noodle. Can never go wrong with that." Stan felt his heart flutter at that even though he didn't want it to. He held the door open wider for the other boy and looked into the living room where his roommate and friend were still vastly entertained by the game they were playing. Stan hesitated before opening his bedroom door. He let Bill inside and the older of the two set the bag down in Stan's desk, pulling the chair out slightly to sit at the desk, he began removing the contents of the bag, offering the container of chicken noodle soup to Stan with a spoon resting on top of it. He silently thanked Bill for the kind gesture but secretly wondered if there was an ulterior motive behind it.

"Why are you doing this?" Stan asked after a few minutes of them eating in complete silence. Bill set his container down on the desk and shrugged his jacket off, hanging it on the back of the chair.

"Because this is what friends do." Bill replied and Stan once again felt his heart drop, not knowing that that wasn't what he had been hoping Bill would say. Stan went back to eating and was mentally punching himself for the fluttering in his chest. Every time he looked at Bill it was like the first time. His heart started to pound and his pulse would jump. It always seemed to feel like he kept getting closer

and closer.

Although, Stan hadn't been hallucinating that one.

Bill was now standing in front of him with an unreadable look on his face. Stan set his soup down on the floor next to him and stood too, seemingly not in control of his own actions. Tentatively, Bill reached out, his hand resting gently against Stan's collar bone and sliding up to cradle his neck, fingers sliding into Stan's curls. He swallows visibly, eyes darting over his face rapidly, searching for any sign of Stan wanting him to stop. Stan struggles to swallow the lump forming in his throat as he leans forward slightly.

He feels Bill's hot breath fanning over his face, their noses bump and brush as Stan's eyes flutter shut at the contact. Bill's lips brush against his lightly as he whispers, "Do you want me to stop?" Stan has never felt more flustered before as he contemplates the question. The centimeters between their mouths brought Stan an odd feeling of discomfort yet contentment. He opened his eyes again catching Bill's brilliant blue ones as he placed his hands at either side of his neck. He shook his head, nudging his forehead against Bill's and closing the small distance between them with a quick peck.

Stan pulled away almost as quickly as he had done it, pressing his lips together deciding mentally if he enjoyed the sensation. He placed another kiss on Bill's mouth that he intended to be just as short as the first but when Bill began to move his lips against his he couldn't bring himself to pull away. The feeling of his lips molding with Bill's was intoxicating. A soft gasp was pulled from him when Bill decided to graze his teeth over Stan's bottom lip, sucking it between his lips as they pulled away.

Stan hadn't had enough though as he shook his head and pulled Bill back to his mouth with a hunger he hadn't known was there. He backed up until his legs hit the frame of his bed. He and Bill fell back onto it with a thump and the springs creaked under the new pressure.

5. Chapter 5

Notes for the Chapter:

i'm back!!! i haven't given up on this story but imm just now getting back into writing again after a year (: so i really hope you like this! also sorry this chapter is shorter than usual but things should be picking up soon (; enjoy!!

this hasn't been pre-read so sorry for any mistakes (spelling/grammar/etc.)

Bill's hands run up Stan's torso, finding Stan's curls and pulling him down to meet his lips. They flip their positions so that Stan ends up on top of Bill, straddling his hips. Stan's hands slide up Bill's chest, stopping on either shoulder blade and gripping the collar of his shirt to drag him even closer to his mouth.

The sounds leaving his lips between kisses are sinful and yet sound angelic in a way that only Stan seemed to be able to pull off. His hands glide back down Bill's body and he isn't sure what he should be doing with them. Part of him wants Bill to take control again so that he doesn't have to figure it out, but another part of him really, really loves being in control. The thought makes him shiver.

He doesn't think before allowing his body to shudder but it proves to be a good move when the moan Bill lets out reaches his ear. His heart begins to race and his face begins to burn with something he can't quite describe.

He tugs on Bill's collar again, this time forcing him up into a sitting position, winding his arms around his neck. With a hand at the back of his head and one at the base of his neck, Bill's hair between his

fingers, Stan decides to pull back to catch his breath. He leans their foreheads together briefly, letting out a breathy chuckle despite himself. He isn't sure what's wrong with him because this is definitely not something he does regularly. Or at all.

"Stan," Bill breathes out, soft and slow. His eyes are still closed as he catches up on his breathing. Stan's eyes have been open since they parted, watching Bill's expression never change, remaining that easy, soft expression even after he opens his eyes. The close proximity and the warm glow of the lamp makes it harder for Stan to see Bill's eyes but even in the dark he can see the blue of them.

Bill smiled, ducking his head down into crook of Stan's neck, right between his throat and his shoulder. Stan can feel his grin against his skin, teeth grazing his pulse point. The gasp that leaves his lips is involuntary but makes Bill respond by doing it again a centimeter or two higher than before. He bites down with a little pressure, replacing the harshness of bone with the soft skin of his lips, placing them where he had just lightly bitten down.

He placed wet, open-mouthed kisses along the expanse of Stan's neck, the latter gasping from each new sensation he felt running through his body. His neck is bared, head tilted back from the pleasure and Bill has moved toward the front of his throat, lips ghosting over Stan's Adam's apple. It isn't like Stan had never felt anything like it before but suddenly it felt like everything he had ever experience in the past had been amplified by ten. Bill's mouth was skilled, that's for damn sure.

"Bill," Stan groaned from the sudden loss of contact, Bill's thumb and forefinger catching his chin to tilt his head back down. Stan is panting when their eyes meet again, surging forward to bump his nose against Bill's, hands coming back up to up Bill's cheeks.

"Why did you really come over tonight?" Stan whispers, lips brushing against Bill's as he speaks. He dares himself not to look away as Bill gathers his thoughts, mostly afraid his expression might change. That he might decide to leave. Stan isn't a hundred percent sure why he cares so much, either. He's just a number, right?

"I felt bad, not being there today. Rich told me what happened at the station. I guess Eddie told him." Bill responds, pressing a gentle, almost sweet, kiss against Stan's lips. They pull away slowly, still entranced by the feeling of each other.

"Why would you feel bad, you're not my boyfriend. You don't have to be there."

"No," Bill says after a minute of silence, tearing his eyes away from Stan's mouth to gaze into his eyes. "But we're friends... aren't we?"

"So you keep saying," Stan mutters under his breath, scooting away from Bill so he can pull his legs back toward himself. "Do friends usually have lengthy make out sessions?" Bill chuckles, airy and light.

"Not generally." He replies and Stan hugs his legs to his chest, suddenly remembering who he was currently with and the thought made his skin burn. Knowing where Bill has been, who he's been with. Part of him wondered what ranking he had on Bill's list of conquests through the years.

"So, what was this then?" Stan asks, trying not to sound as hurt as

he's starting to feel. "What are you trying to accomplish here?"

"I-" Bill begins but closing his mouth almost as quickly as he opened it. Stan rolls his eyes and leans down to pick up the discarded container of soup and maneuvered his way toward his desk to place it up there for now.

"Exactly. Well, thanks for the soup and for sticking your tongue down my throat, but I think you should go." Bill hesitates, still trying to wrap his head around how the situation got flipped so fast.

"But, S-Stan-" Stan raises his hands up in a way of saying 'don't, please', eyes shut and shoulders hunched slightly.

"If you want us to be friends, we shouldn't talk for a while. At least a week or two." Stan explains and holds the container of soup that Bill had been eating toward him in the bag he brought them in. Bill slides the rest of the way off the bed, standing in front of Stan and grudgingly accepting the bag from him before nodding and turning on his heel. He feels his heart stop momentarily as Bill hesitates with a hand over the door handle, part of him expecting Bill to turn around and kiss him one last time, another part hoping he would want to talk about what happened and figure out what it meant, but neither happens.

Bill twists the doorknob and exits his room, the dorm door shutting seconds after. Stan falls back into his bed and isn't quite sure how he should be feeling. Sad, maybe? There still that lingering, unwanted tension hanging in the air and he hates it. Mostly chemical, sparked from the events that occurred in the very bed he lay in.

He loathes it.

The noise from their living area has gone down several notches and Stan assumes it's safe to leave his room. Not that he couldn't have before but he didn't want to take the chance of going dm dead the second he stepped outside of his room. He pushes himself off his bed and heads out to the living room where Mike and Ben are both watching a movie. Upon closer examination he sees that they're watching one of the many Star Wars movies.

"Hey," Mike greets him as he sits down with a bottled water in the chair adjacent to the couch that they're occupying. He pauses the movie to turn to Stan. "We saw Bill leave, when did he get here?" Stan shakes his head and wants politely smack him across the head, that's a thing right?

"About forty-five minutes ago." Mike makes an 'o' with his mouth as he realizes he'd been almost too wrapped up in the game he was playing with Ben that he hadn't even noticed.

"Did something happen? He looked... upset." Mike asks carefully noticing Stan's face drop significantly.

"Nope. Everything's fine." Stan tried to convince them but the look they share tells him that he wasn't as skilled at bluffing as he thought. "It's fine." He says which makes them share another look before turning their attention back to the screen.

"How d'you feel?" Ben asks, popping a piece of popcorn in his mouth. Stan's thankful he chews with his mouth closed. "You know, since this

morning?" Stan has almost forgotten about that, Bill had proven to be an excellent distraction.

"I'm okay, I guess. Better." He replies with some hesitation that neither seem to pick up on. It's not a lie exactly. He is feeling better about the incident from the night before but terrible about what had happened not even ten minutes ago in his bedroom. He knows the space would be beneficial for himself and for Bill if they are friends like Bill says, but he can't help feeling bad about how he said it.

No sympathy or apology, just straight to it. Maybe that way is better for both of them.

"-Stan." He snaps his head up to meet Ben's gaze and where it's latched just below Stan's jawline, attempting to point from where he sits. "What's on your neck?" Stan's hand immediately flies up the the spot that Ben is pointing to, eyes wide with fear, wincing when he touches the sore skin patch. "It's all red and splotchy." Stan shoots up from his spot and strides into the bathroom just past his room, not daring to move his hand until he has the light on and he was standing there for a solid ten seconds.

He notices not one, not two, but three hickeys going down his neck. Starting just under his jaw, another about an inch below that, and the last one right above the point where his shoulder and neck meet. They seem to be getting lighter in color as they go down Stan's neck but that doesn't make him feel any better.

"Motherfucker!" He can hear Mike and Ben snickering from the living room, transforming into full blown laughter as he enters the room again, his face flushed and hair tousled.

"Nothing happened, huh?" Stan feels as if his skin is on fire again, glaring in Mike's direction.

"They'll be gone by Monday right? I don't have anything to cover it up with."

"The bottom two, maybe, but that top one is probably going to be fifty shades of purple by Monday." Stan drops his head down against the headrest of the chair and groans.

"As far as covering it up goes, your best bet is either concealer or none at all. Wear it proudly." Ben suggests. "Show the world you got some."

"I did not 'get some'." Stan snaps his head up quickly, glaring at Ben who raises his hands up in defense.

"Still got more than the rest of us. You could wear a scarf. It's November, after all." He offers and that idea catches Stan's attention more than the previous one. He nods in appreciation and stands up to leave so the pair can continue watching their movie, turning back before he leaves the room.

"Thanks, and can you keep this between us? I don't want Eddie or Richie knowing Bill was here, please. Something tells me I would get an ear full of I-Told-You-So's from them and I don't have the energy." He explains and both teens cross their hearts.

"Scouts honor." Ben and Mike day in unison making Stan eye them warily before eventually retreating to his room.

"Were you in the Scouts?" Ben asks Mike who reaches forward to press play and resume their movie, digging into the bowl of popcorn that's settled between them.

"Nope." Mike grins mischievously as does Ben before turning their attention back to the screen.

6. pls read!!

So I've kind of lost inspiration for this and I think it's because I took it in a direction that I cannot work with very well. But I'm not done with it completely.

Instead, I've been thinking of rewriting this fic and making it 5 or 6 chapters long with nearly the same events (not including the events of chapter 3 since that's where my block is coming from). Let me know if you would be interested in reading it. <3